You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seeke to soften that, then which what's harder:
His Iewish heart? therefore I do beseech you
Make no moe offers, vse no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conuenient
Let me haue iudgement, and the *Iew* his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is fixe.

Iew. If euery ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in fixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond.

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?

Iew. What iudgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchast slaue,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,
Because you bought them, shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires?
Why sweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their pallats
Be season'd with such viands; you will answer,
The slaues are ours, so do I answer you;
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is deerely bought, tis mine and I will haue it:
If you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for iudgement, answer, shall I haue it?

Duke. Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Vnlesse *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue sent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.

Saler. My Lord, heere stayes without,
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.

Duke. Bring vs the Letters, call the Messenger.

Bass. Good cheere *Anthonio*, what man, courage yet:
The *Iew* shall haue my flesh, blood, bones and all,

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antho. I am a tainted weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be imployd *Bassanio*,
Then to liue still and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerrissa.

Duke. Came you from *Padua* from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both, my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there

Gra. Not on thy soule: but on thy soule harsh *Iew*
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenenesse
Of thy sharpe enuy: can no prayers pierce thee?

Iew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let iustice be accusde;
Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That soules of Animals infuse themselues
Into the trunks of men: Thy curriish spirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleete,
And whilst thou layest in thy vnhallowed dam,
Infusde it selfe in thee: for thy desires
Are woluish, bloody, staru'd and rauenous.

Iew. Till thou canst raile the seale from off my bond,
Thou but offendst thy lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruine. I stand heere for law.

Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by,

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